

The Difference.

This is the path, there stands the tree,
And on the rock the shadows play;
And here we met, and I shall be
As blest as on that blessed day.
Now Nature knows—did she not rise
That day and hearken to our troth,
Made in the haste of love's surprise,
And happy secrets tell to both.
Besides the spell of looks and words,
There were sweet whispers from our tree
From bough and bough some back the birds,
The grasses owned the mystery.
Sweet fern and briars along the wall;
Sent message by the steadfast wind;
At all we heard the blue sea call—
All things and we were of one mind.
No blessing comes—he is not here;
That all is changed, nor shall I see
How Nature makes herself so fair
Till he returns to her and me!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

MORTGAGED.

"Ah," said Harry Graham, looking across the tea-table at his pretty wife, "say what they may, there is nothing on earth so pleasant as this having a home of one's own!"

Mrs. Graham smiled fondly on her husband as she handed him his carefully prepared cup of tea.

"I am so glad you feel like that, Harry, I will do my best to make it a happy home for you."

"You darling! You shall have a kiss for that sweet speech the moment tea is over!" cried the young husband, committing ravages among the "rolled" bread and butter, the home-made preserves, the dainty shavings of dried beef and cold ham, and the delicate cake, with which his Margaret had furnished for her tea-table on this first evening in their "very own home." "Where did you get these delicious quince preserves, my dear?"

"I made them, Harry."

"Yes, I made them in the last days at the farm. Mother showed me how."

"Then you shall ask her to come and see us in our little cottage before the preserves are all eaten."

"She will be very glad to come," said Margaret, with a delighted look. "She never liked our plan of boarding, Harry."

"What else could we do my dear?" asked the young husband, in a slightly altered tone.

"I was too poor to buy a house when we were first married. As we could not well roost upon the trees like the birds when they began life together, to board was the only way possible. But I never liked it myself," he added, his face clearing again.

"It was a nuisance to be confined to two rooms as we were; and how John Grey's children did scream at night, on the opposite side of the hall. Besides, that untidy chambermaid never half cleaned our rooms. Now this is what I like!" he concluded, rising from the supper table, and glancing proudly round the neat, bright parlor, with its open fire and easy-chair drawn up beside the grate; its crimson curtains and table-covers and carpets; its tea-table, sparkling with china and silver, and its tall glass-paned book-case, stowed with volumes which he was to read aloud, while his wife sewed, on chilly, rainy evenings such as this.

Mrs. Graham rang the bell. A tidy young servant-maid came in and took away the tea things. When the room was made orderly for the evening, a handsome dressing-gown and a pair of embroidered slippers appeared, conjured from some mystery, out of the happy wife.

"My first present to you in our home, Harry," she said, with moistened eyes.

And he drew her fondly toward him and gave her the promised kiss with many another after it. Then, putting on the comfortable evening attire, he selected a book from the crowded shelves, and sat down in the easy-chair, while Margaret drew her little sewing stand nearer the fire, and prepared to enjoy, with heart and soul, the first quiet evening beneath their own roof. But before the book was opened, a shadow had fallen over the brightness of her joy.

"Your mother would like to look in at us now, my darling," said Harry, glancing round the pleasant room again. "I know she will think this house a bargain when she sees it. Six rooms and a garden—a good-sized garden, too—and for two thousand dollars!"

"And the pretty furniture, Harry. All paid for, too. That is the best of all! and very good, substantial furniture it is," replied his wife.

"Yes, I was determined that should be paid for, on the nail. What sticks I have about me must be my own."

"Oh, Harry! How can you call our nice new things sticks!"

"Chairs and tables, then, child! I got a good discount by the way, because I paid cash down. I wish I could have done the same by the house. I might have had it two hundred dollars cheaper. However, if we are careful of our expenses, chick-a-biddy, we shall soon clear off the mortgage. It is only nine hundred dollars."

The fancy work dropped from Margaret's hands.

"Nine hundred dollars!" she said, turning a little pale. "A mortgage! On this house, Harry?"

"On whose house should it be?" said he laughing. "Why, you look as scared as if I had stolen the house, child?"

"I thought it was paid for!"

"How on earth did you suppose I could pay such a sum down, and buy the furniture as well?" he answered, sharply. "I can tell you, it took every cent I had in the bank, as it is."

"But the house-expenses! What shall we do about them?" asked she looking bewildered.

He laughed again.

"Is there no such thing as credit, Margaret?"

She was silent.

"Get whatever you want at the shop, child. Of course you will be as economical as possible; but still we must live, you know. Once in three months, or once in six months, I'll settle the bills. Then whatever we can have shall go toward clearing off this mortgage that seems to be such a bugbear in your eyes."

"I will save in every possible way, Harry," she said, earnestly. "It is foolish, I suppose, but a mortgage is a bugbear to me. Father had a heavy one on his farm, Harry, and the first thing I remember as a little child is seeing him sitting on the granary staircase near the big barn, sighing and groaning to himself. I was frightened,

ed, and ran and told mother; and she kissed me and began to cry, because she said the interest was due on the mortgage-money that week, and poor father was unhappy because he could see no way to pay it."

"And did he pay it?" questioned Harry, somewhat interested.

"Yes. He borrowed the money somewhere, and then of course, there was the interest to pay on that; and so it went on, from bad to worse, till father died, and the farm went back to its owner. Mother said it had fairly worried him into his grave," she added, wiping the tears from her eyes. "You cannot wonder if I am afraid of mortgages, after that."

"But, pet, the two cases are entirely different," said her husband, kissing her cheek. "Your father was a poor farmer, and found it almost impossible to raise money, I dare say. Now I am a thriving merchant, and if all goes well, I hope to make enough the coming year to clear our home. Don't you see? Come don't think of trouble any more. Be as careful as you can in the house expenses, and you will find that we shall own our pretty home, clear of the chain, before you know where you are."

He drew her down to the wide crimson footstool before the fire, and resting her head upon his knee, began to read aloud.

The fire and lamp burned clearly, the pretty French clock on the mantelpiece ticked musically, and rang out its fairy hour chimes once before his voice ceased to echo in her ear. The book was a lively and pleasant one, and Margaret was able to discuss it with him intelligently as they lingered before the blaze for one delicious half-hour, before going up stairs.

Yet all the while her thoughtful eyes were seeing visions in the crimson coals, and her heart and brain were busily at work, devising plans to ward off the evil that, to her, seemed to be threatening the peace and comfort of their little dwelling, so long as any other person held a claim thereon.

The chiming bells of the French clock rang out ten, and Margaret rose and went about the room, putting it daintily in order before leaving it for the night. Her pretty face was blooming and happy as ever, for at last she saw the way clear before her to banish, with the energy God had given her, this brooding cloud of evil from their domestic sky.

As their married life began, so it went on, in the new home for nearly three years. The house expenses were carefully kept down by Margaret, who made one servant answer where many of her other friends kept two, and once in three months, or often in six, as the days went on, the accounts were settled by the husband, cheerfully enough at first, but by and by with sighs and shakes of the head, which Margaret seemed not to notice, and of which she certainly never spoke.

During the last of the three years, Harry's handsome face began to wear a look of anxious care. Not a cent, so far, had been laid aside to pay off the mortgage on their home, and the chance of success seemed less than ever to him now, because, like all others in business, he began to see a time approaching which would "try men's souls."

The evening reading was gradually laid aside, and during the summer months of the third year Harry began so sit brooding after tea, in his arm-chair before the empty hearth, till Margaret, without appearing to notice his depression, came to him and induced him to accompany her on a walk. At such times he strode along beside her, silent and sad, and returning to his home buried himself in the columns of the *Banker's Day Book* till it was time to go to bed.

And all this time the true wife held her peace. She noticed everything—she guessed more; but, till the ice was broken by him, it was not her place to speak.

So it went on till that dreadful autumn season of crash after crash, ruin after ruin, old and long-established houses toppling into the gulf, and carrying a thousand minor ones with them in their fall. Men looked at each other with pale faces, asking, "Who will go next?" and all through the country, wave after wave, the wide-spreading stream of desolation rolled.

During that one last hideous week of suspense, Harry Graham came and went between his store and his home, saying nothing, suffering everything. On the Saturday evening he went out, alone, for a stroll after tea. But in half an hour he was back again, having made up his mind in that brief time to tell Margaret all.

He found her in the parlor. She sat beside the window, bending over a small package in her lap. At his sudden entrance she started and hid the package in her pocket, blushing so violently that at any other time he would have noticed and wondered at it.

But now his mind was full of his own troubles, and he had no leisure to notice trifles.

He went straight up to his wife and took both her hands.

"Margaret," said he, "I am a ruined man. This panic—"

And then he broke down and burst into tears. He fell upon his knees beside her chair.

"Oh, Margaret," he sobbed, "I thought I could give you a pleasant home! And now we shall be beggars!"

Margaret put her arms around him, drawing his face down upon her breast.

When he was calmer, she kissed him and asked him to sit down beside her and tell her all.

She listened mutely.

"And if the panic ends, and these country customers pay all that they owe you, can you go on, Harry?" she asked.

"Yes; that is, I need not close the shop nor go through bankruptcy. But, then, the panic may not end; I see no signs of it at present."

"Panics always do end," said Margaret, hopefully.

But the meantime, Margaret, what are we to do? All the bills for six months past have come pouring in upon me, and I can not meet them. And Sader wants the mortgage money on this house. He has dunned me for it all the time since it fell due, and lately he has threatened to foreclose. Now he says he will do it. We shall lose our home, and other people will suffer because I cannot pay these bills. I have strained every nerve to do it, but it is all in vain. I wish I was dead and out of the worry of it all."

"I will save in every possible way, Harry," she said, earnestly. "It is foolish, I suppose, but a mortgage is a bugbear to me. Father had a heavy one on his farm, Harry, and the first thing I remember as a little child is seeing him sitting on the granary staircase near the big barn, sighing and groaning to himself. I was frightened,

"Oh, Harry," cried his wife, reproachfully. "Do you want to die and leave me?"

"They would not worry you for the money, my darling, as they do me. And yet I cannot blame them," said he, sighing. "They want their money, and I feel like a thief as long as I withhold it from them. Margaret, I see my mistake now!" he added, energetically. "Credit has been my bane. If I was beginning life again, I would buy nothing that I could not pay for at the moment; and before I would live in a mortgaged house I would build a log hut for myself at the foot of a tree! But there! I am too late to talk like that!" he concluded, burying his face in his hands.

"That will do very well," we replied, "but when we take young men on our editorial staff we generally put them through examination. How much are twelve times one?"

"Twelve! Why, any little boy ought to know!"

"Hold on please; don't be too fast. Who discovered America?"

"Klumbus? Pshaw, them questions is just as easy as—"

"Who was the first man?"

"Adam! why, Mister, you know all!"

"What was his other name?"

"The other name? Why, he didn't have none!"

"Yes he did. You see that's where we've got you. His other name was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Adam, Esq., late of Paradise. Nobody knows this but editors, and see to it that you don't tell anybody."

He said he wouldn't.

"How many bones are there in the human body?"

"Well I forgot now, but I did know wunst."

"What! don't you know that? Why there 7,481,634,444 bones in an ordinary man. A man that snores has one more bone than other people."

"What is bone is that?"

"The trombone. It is situated somewhere in the nose. You won't forget that, will you?"

He said he wouldn't.

"How long would it take a mud turtle to cross the desert of Sahara with a small orphan boy to touch him up behind with a red hot poker?"

"Well, look here, Mister, if I had a slate and pencil I could figure that out; but dog my soul if I can't!"

"State and tell! Did you ever see a slate and pencil about a sanatorium? Nonsense. Well, we'll let that question slip. Have you got a good constitution?"

"Pretty tolerable."

"How long do you suppose you could live on raw corn and faith, and do the work of a domesticated elephant?"

"Lord! I don't believe I could live more'n a week."

"Well, that's about as long as you'd care to live if you got an editorial position on this paper. You appear to be pretty well posted; we shall ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it you can take off your coat and sail in."

He followed her, with a bewildered look, up into a pretty back chamber, furnished with chairs, table, and stove. Near one of the windows stood something covered over with a cloth. Margaret drew the cloth aside. It was a sewing machine.

"Ever since I knew about the mortgage on the house I have used this," she said, looking at him with her eyes full of love. "I had all the work I could possibly do in your absence, and I was well paid for it. And when Uncle John came to see us this spring, he gave me the two hundred dollar bills for a birth-day present. I am so glad if the money can help you in your troubles, Harry."

"Help me! It will save me!" said her husband, clasping her to his heart. "Oh, Margaret, I will repay you for your gift a thousand fold when once the good times come back again. This will pay off the mortgage, and settle the bills, and pay our way through the year, if we are careful, Oh, Margaret, what a treasure you are!"

"And we will ask no more credit," she whispered with her lips close to his ear.

"Not a bit, my love—so help me God. I say it reverently, my wife."

And he has kept his vow.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF FOSSILS.

A. L. Porter, a veteran from the North, arrived in this city, has a curious collection of fossils carefully packed with sawdust in a traveling trunk at the Western Hotel on Broadway, where he is now sojourning. The collection embraces an Indian stone war club, a stone pestle belonging to the same race of people, and a gritty stone chisel used by them in the manufacture of their stone implements. It also contains a large number of specimens of petrified wood, fossil leaves in sandstone, rocks bearing a striking resemblance to petrified human and animal skulls, which the owner believes they are, and a smooth boulder which presents the appearance of a petrified land turtle. The shape of the latter does not correspond closely to that animal. The right fore foot or flipper is very distinctly outlined, and on the left side, which has been considerably worn by the action of the water, is a small indentation, corresponding in place and character to that at the toes of the right foot. In front and underneath what is supposed to have been the shell is a hollow, corresponding with that in a turtle's front whose head has been wrung off. The edge of the shell, if it be what Mr. Porter believes, has been worn off by the action of the water. On the top and bottom of the stone are sundry markings, which Mr. Porter thinks have been made by edged tools, and are the hieroglyphics of a race now extinct.

Arrow heads, glass globules on the surface of pieces of lava, and pieces of bone of an extinct animal complete the collection. The fossils have been gathered by Mr. Porter during his wanderings through Washington Territory and Oregon—on the Wenatchee, Upper Columbia, and Snake Rivers.

—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Children cry for Castoria.—It is pleasant to take as honey, and is absolutely harmless. It is sure to expel worms, cure wind colic, regulate the bowels and stomach, and overcome irritability caused by rash or cutting teeth. It is a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, and for Costiveness in young or old there is nothing in existence so effective and reliable.

The latest, greatest, and most reliable remedy ever put together by medical science for Rheumatism, Wounds, Swellings, Burns, Caked Breast, &c., is the Centaur Liniment. There are two kinds. What the White Liniment is for the human family, the Yellow Centaur Liniment is for sparrows, lame and strained horses and animals.

—*Dr. J. W. L. Hill.*

SPACE will not admit the speaking of all the different Varieties and Styles of

WANTED TO BE AN EDITOR.

"Have you had any experience in the business?" we asked of a veriant-looking youth who applied for an editorial position the other day.

"Haven't I thought?" he replied, as he unskillfully patched of a backwood's cobbler.

"I should say I'd had some experience—haven't I corresponded with the Pumpkinville Screamer for six weeks? Hain't that experience enough?"

"That